

# Tarquin and Tullia.

**I**N Times when Princes cancel'd Nature's Law,  
And Declarations, which themselves did draw;  
When *Children* us'd their *Parents* to *dethrone*,  
And *gnaw'd* their way like *Vipers* to a *Crown*;  
*Tarquin*, a *Savage*, *Proud*, *Ambitious Prince*,  
Prompt to *Expell*, yet thoughtless of *Defence*,  
The envid Sceptre did from *Tullius* snatch,  
The *Roman King*, and *Father* by the *Match*.

To form his *Party*, *Histories* report,  
A *Sanctuary* was open'd in his *Court*,  
Where glad *Offenders* safely might resort.  
Great was the *Crowd*, and *Wond'rous* the *Success*;  
(For those were fruitful times of *Wickedness*)  
And all that liv'd obnoxious to the *Laws*  
Flock'd to Prince *Tarquin*, and embrac'd his *Cause*.

'Mongst these a *Pagan Priest* for refuge fled,  
A *Prophet* deep in godly *Faction* read;  
A *Sicophant* that knew the *Modish* way,  
To *Cant* and *Plot*, to *Flatter* and *Betray*;  
To *Whine* and *Sin*, to *Scribble* and *Recant*;  
A *shameless Author*, and a *lustful Saint*:  
To serve all times he could distinctions *Coin*,  
And with great ease flat *Contradictions* joyn;  
A *Traitor* now, once *Loyal* in extreme,  
And then *Obedience* was his only *Theme*;  
He sang in *Temples* the most *Passive* *Lays*,  
And wear'd *Monarchs* with repeated *Praise*;  
But manag'd auk'ardly that *lawful* part:  
For to vent *Lies* and *Treason* was his *Art*,  
And pointed *Libels* at *Crown'd Heads* to *dart*.  
This *Priest* and others, learned to *defame*,  
First murder'd injur'd *Tullius* in his *Name*,  
With blackest *Calumnies* their *Sov'raign* load;  
A *Poyson'd Brother*, and dark *League* abroad,  
A *Son* unjustly topt upon the *Throne*;  
Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his *own*:  
Though, as the *Law* was there, 'twas his behoof  
Who dispos'd the *Hair*, to bring the *proof*.  
This *Hellish* charge they back'd with dismal *frights*,  
The loss of *Property* and *Sacred Rights*,  
And *Freedom*: Words which all false *Patriots* use,  
The surest *Names* the *Romans* to abuse:  
Jealous of *Kings*, and always *Malecontent*,  
Forward to *Change*, yet certain to *repent*.

Whilst thus the *Plotters* needful fears create,  
*Tarquin* with open force invades the *State*,  
*Lewd Nobles* joyn him with their feeble *Might*,  
And *Atheist Fools* for dear *Religion* *Fight*:  
The *Priests* their boasted *Principles* disown,  
And level their *harangues* against the *Throne*:  
Vain *Promises* the *People's* *Minds* allure,  
Slight were their *ills*, but desperate the *Cure*.  
'Tis hard for *Kings* to steer an equal *course*;  
And they who banish one, oft get a worse.  
Those *Heav'nly* *Bodies* we admire above,  
Do every day irregularly move.

Yet *Tullius*, 'tis decreed, must lose his *Crown*,  
For *Faults* that were his *Councils*, not his *own*;  
He now in vain *Commands* even those he paid;  
By *darling Troops* deserted and betray'd;  
By *Creatures* which his *Genial* warmth had made.

Of these a *Captain of the Guards* was worst,  
Whose *Memory* to this *Day* stands accurst:  
This *Rogue* advanc'd to *Military* trust,  
By his own *Whoredom*, and his *Sisters* *Lust*,  
Forsook his *Master*, after dreadful *Vows*,  
And plotted to betray him to his *Foes*:  
The kindest *Master* to the vilest *Slave*,  
As free to give, as he was sure to crave.

His *haughty Female*, who, as *Books* declare,  
Did always toss wide *Nostrils* in the *Air*,  
Was to the *younger Tullia* *Governess*,  
And did attend her when in borrow'd *dress*:  
She fled by *Night* from *Tullius* in distress:  
This wretch by *Letters* did invite his *Foes*,  
And us'd all *Arts* her *Father* to *depose*;  
A *Father* always generously bent,  
So kind, that he her wishes did prevent.

'Twas now high time for *Tullius* to retreat,  
When ev'n his *Daughter* hast'ned his *defeat*;  
When *Faith* and *Duty* vanish'd, and no more  
The *Name* of *Father* nor of *King* he bore:  
A *King*! whose *Right* his *Foes* could ne'r dispute,  
So mild; that *Mercy* was his attribute;  
Affable, kind, and easie of access,  
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress;  
Rich without *Taxes*, yet in payment just;  
So *Honest* that he hardly could distrust;  
His active *Soul* did ne'r from labours cease;  
Valiant in *War*, and sedulous in *Peace*;  
Studious with *Traffick* to enrich the *Land*;  
Strong to *Protect*, and skilful to *Command*;  
Lib'ral and *Splendid*, not without excess;  
Loth to revenge, and willing to *caress*:  
In sum, How *Godlike* must his *Nature* be,  
Whose only fault was too much *Piety*!

This *King* remov'd, th'assembled *States* thought fit,  
That *Tarquin* in the *Vacant Throne* should sit,  
Voted him *Regent* in their *Senate House*,  
And with an empty *Name* endow'd his *Spouse*.  
The *elder Tullia*, who some *Authors* feign,  
Drove o're her *Father's* *Corps* a trembling *Wane*:  
But she! more guilty! numerous *wanes* did drive,  
To crush her *Father* and her *King* alive;  
In glad remembrance of his hast'ned fall,  
Resolv'd to institute a weekly *Ball*:  
She! jolly *Glutton*! grew in *Bulk* and *Chin*,  
Feasted on *Rapine*, and enjoy'd her *Sin*;  
With *Luxury* she did weak *reason* force;  
Debauch'd good *Nature*, and cramm'd down *remorse*:  
Yet when she drunk cool *Tea* in lib'ral *Supps*,  
The sobbing *Dame* was *Maudlin* in her *Cups*.

But

But brutal *Tarquin* never did relent;  
 Too hard to melt, too Wicked to repent;  
 Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,  
 And blest with *natural delight in ill*;  
 From a wise Guardian he receiv'd his doom,  
*To walk the Change, and not to govern Rome*;  
 He Swore his Native Honours to disown;  
 And did by *Perjury* ascend the Throne:  
 Oh! had that Oath his swelling Pride repress'd!  
*Rome* then had been with Peace and Plenty blest.  
 But *Tarquin*, guided by destructive Fate,  
 Wasted the Country, and embroy'd the State;  
 Transported to their Foes the *Roman* self,  
 And by their ruine hop'd to save himself.  
 Innumerable woes oppress'd the Land,  
 When it submitted to his curst Command.  
 So just was Heav'n that 'twas hard to tell,  
 Whether its guilt or losses did excell.  
 Men who renounc'd their God, for dearer Trade,  
 Were then the *Guardians of Religion* made:

*Rebels* were Sainted; Foreigners did Reign;  
*Outlaws* return'd preferments to obtain,  
 With Frogs and Toads, and all their croaking train;  
 No Native knew their Features, nor their Birth,  
 They seem'd the greasie Offspring of the Earth;  
 The Trade was sunk; the Fleet and Army spent;  
 Devouring Taxes swallow'd lesser Rent;  
 Taxes impos'd by no Authority;  
 Each lewd Collection was a Robbery.  
 Bold self-creating Men did Statutes draw,  
 Skill'd to establish Villany by Law;  
 Fanatick Drivers, whose unjust Carreers  
 Produc'd new Ills, exceeding former Fears.  
 Yet Authors here except that *Faithful Band*,  
 Which the prevailing Faction did withstand;  
 And some who bravely stood in the defence  
 Of baffled Justice, and their *Injur'd Prince*:  
 These shine to after Times, each Sacred Name  
 Stands still recorded in the *Books of Fame*.

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